THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, CORNER OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872. TERMS, $3 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. NO. 9.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

OVER THE BAR.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Flutter on the breathing stillness—
The music we feel and hear,
Like the hush of Nature's warming
When the busy Night draws nearer
Boast a mellow roar of traffic,
Through which the voices rise,
Triumph with the mother over chords
Of human voices near;
Say over the twinkling eyes and cheeks,
Sings now as the dying day
Past the sunset's golden harbor bar,
And on its mysterious way
Of the limitless beauty waiters,
Waits the Love's infinity,
Waits the Love's infinity.

Out of the city beside the sea.

I rock with the rocking billow,
Far out on the tide afloat,
And the cool white arms of the sea enfold,
And gladie my little boat.
The waves are my only kisses
The lullaby hand I feel,
On her emerald braided tresses,
Over them with the veil of Day—
Shot through with the golden arrows
Of the sun's last parting ray.
When the day Mary leaves me,
And their tryst, like a dream, was done.

And so the sad Day leaves me,
Adrift on the tide afar,
And the beautiful Night hath found me
Where I rock on the mounting bar,
Where I rock on the mounting bar,
Smiles down in a blushing star.

I float with the tide seaward,
A waif on the wanderer sea,
Alone in the waste of waters
And the Night's infinity.
Till the World, with its griefs and clamor,
Is very far in the sea.

THE GRANADAN DUEL;
OR, THE
Castilian and the Moor.
A ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER X.

ONCE MORE IN THE FOREST.

The morning dawned clear and fair, and by the time the first beams of the rising sun had gilded the tops of the forest-trees Sir Manfred de Aleath was at the appointed spot in the retired valley of the Darro. He had come sarly to the place, and had employed the time in pleased his caprice,—but he was not to be convince his companions—perhaps, to convince himself—that he felt strength and vigor had returned to him. And as he stepped upon the ground, swinging a light sword in his hand, he looked the picture of health and manly activity. There was a delicacy in the color of his cheek not usual to him, but this was only a slight shade, and added to the noble contour, and set from lack of blood.

Sir Gay had not hurried himself. In fact, he was behind time. He had overslept himself, and came upon the ground looking worn and weary. His appearance was in strong contrast with that of Manfred. The squires had thought that he of all the world appear the worst, but they found that the sick man was the strong one, and that the one who seemed well was faded and feeble.

To Pedro, in answer to anxious inquiries, Gay had said—

I have not slept, good Pedro. The torper of the morning was but the mocking of exhaustion. I might not to have left Don Alhamen's party so early, but I had a fancy that I would have liked to have seen my most terrible dreams in which there were no figures, have led me a wild and fantastic course."

Pedro shook his head, and would have urged his master to defer the combat; but the knight would not listen.

Upon the ground, however, the Knight of the Golden Spurs found that he had not begun a serious enterprise beyond his strength, and the air of the forest was invigorating. He soon began to limp the narrow streets of the city.

"Pardon my delay," he said to Manfred. "Circumstances beyond my control have kept me back."

"Say on! Then art not well. Let us put off—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Sir Mark, with an impatient gesture. "Two days' wasting time of hours! I am strong now. It is for thee to say if thy strength is up to the mark. Then the art the man to be favored."

"I ask none of it."

"Then let us close the account with all needless delay. If I live, I would return again to the city forthwith; and if I fall, I would not have the inconvenience of being taken up and carried home."

"Gay—What is it? Is there danger to Mirian? Ah, I had it your face, or I have to be help—"

No, Sir Manfred. This thing is irksome. I would have it off my hands. Let us take position, and proceed. You will excuse the sword, I exchanged with Prince Haroun Al Rashid, for mine own seems to be in the opportunity to get our blade back."

"The exchange is against you, Sir Gay. That sword is light—thin mind."

"But its temper is perfect. I am satisfied."

"There was no more to be said. The knights took their places, with their squires behind them, and as they greeted their weapons for the contest the butterfly and dead out from the forest, and the birds sang their morning notes, heard by no such witnesses as human blood.

Gay was the first to advance, and his movement betrayed weakness. Manfred hoped that he might be able to finish the affair as possible, to break his sword. He knew there was no chance of mercy from Gay, and he would render assistance in that direction if he could.

The two swords crossed with a sharp clash, and Manfred exerted every energy to bring to successful issue a masterstroke which he had learned of Michael—a stroke with which he had brought scores of swords into the hand of his adversary. And that the blade which Gay now wore was of Moorish temper.

Gay, on the other hand had been nothing to wound his opponent in the sword-arm, or cripple all other points. His purpose was to end the affair, if possible, without taking Manfred's life. But their plans failed, and soon, in the heat of conflict, they pressed forward with the sole thought of conquest. Two men

IDA OF ST. HUBERTO RECEIVING THE SWORDS OF THE KNIGHTS.

riors more nearly matched it would have been hard to find. If Gay was the stronger, Manfred was the more agile and supple. At first the combat had been one of defense, and the esquires had breathed freely; but when the fire began to fly from steel to steel whenever the blood was up, and the blows became more rapid and fierce, and the sun rose high in the heavens, they found themselves breathless as the knights, and the terror of the combat was upon them. Pedro could not have spoken, even to interposition came. Suddenly Pedro darted forward and extended his arm between them at the risk of having it severed.

"Hold!" he cried. "There is other trouble close at hand."

The two knights dropped the points of their swords, and turned to look at him in no moment more the voice of a female was heard in loud entreaty. It came from Mirian, and in its notes startled the heart of Sir Gay to quick, wild throbbing.

"Hark!" he whispered. "That is Mirian's voice!"

Again came the notes of pleading,—and then a cry for help. And then followed a curse from Gay.

"God and St. Mark!" shouted Gay, leaping forward toward the spot where the voice came.

"Allah to the rescue!" echoed Manfred, dashing away by Gay's side.

St. Mark and Allah!" cried Michael and Pedro in concert, following close upon the heels of their masters.

And then was what they found upon the river's bank.

A boat had been drawn up to the shore, and out from it had landed four men having a lady in captivity, while two others were busy in by wanting with horses in charge. The lady was the Princess Mirian, but the fifth person was not of the party. He had, as he supposed, left Mirian in the hands of the people of the city on his way to the mountains, and had left her in charge of trusty servants who were ready and willing to do his bidding—men who were to have great reward when he was king—while he himself had remained behind to attend to other matters connected with his plans.

One of the Moors, as he recognized Sir Gay of the Golden Spurs, had cried out—

"By Allah! it is he! how comes this interesting dog of a Christian!—Leave the horses, and take the lady more easily! We have him, and let us give the dogs a lesson!"

The first directive was given to the two grooms who held the horses, and they quickly obeyed, taking a firm hold upon the lady, and leading her aside. The second direction was to the two Moors who were in the boat, and they sprang forward with the two drawn swords in their grasps.

But the Moors might as well have raised their blades against a raging whirlwind. Mirian had caught sight of her lover, and had outstretched her hands imploringly toward him. She had not dared to hope that he could find her so soon, but there was no space for doubt. Gay was there, and with Manfred and Pedro, both aware of the foul indignity which had been cast upon the beautiful princess, took the cause to their own, and gave all power to the work before them.

The blows fell now quick, and decisive. Like a bolt shot from a catapult came St. Mark upon the first Moor who met him, and he went down in a swoon. The blood which was the Spaniard's birthright, and which had come to him through the veins of Manfred's consort, the second, and let daylight through his body like a flash. The other two were driven back to the river by Michael and Pedro, and turned their weapons upon the fifth assailant.

Gay was in time to see the two grooms bearing their lovely burden to the boat, and trying to drag the maiden up after them; and he was in time to see Mirian struggle free. He caught Mirian in his arms, and then he turned upon the fifth assailant, who had come to the rescue of his companions. Manfred engaged

she should have gained the knowledge, and should have acted upon it.

"Ah, Guy, thou knowest my meaning. Thou and Manfred have quarrelled. Is it not so?"

"Not quarrelled, Ida."

"But you came hither to mortal combat?"

"Ida—"

"Ah! thy confusion betrays thee. We were sure of it, and we have come to prevent it. O! Guy, if thou could'st know what we have suffered!—We knew, when thou and Manfred were gone, that Granada was thy destination; and we knew the work thou had'st in hand. We summoned our most trusty retainers and started in pursuit. But, O! such delays! We were detained a week in the wild passes of the Morena, and we lost our way in the forest of the Guadalquiver. But we are here at length; and we find you both alive. Tell me—tell me,—Were we mistaken?"

"No, fair cousin,—thine instinct of love led thee aright."

"And thou art Manfred's enemy? O, Guy!"

"I am not Manfred's enemy."

"And yet, not his friend?"

"Ask him."

"May I speak with him freely, and with thy consent?"

"Yes."

"Guy!—answer me truly: Is there enmity between thee and Manfred?"

"There is not."

"And yet thou would'st have stricken him to the death had we not come. Thou wert engaged in the combat even now. I saw it."

"Ida, I tell thee Manfred is my friend. Go to him, and he can explain. Within this hour I have unsaid the opposition which I had put in the way of his love. He loves thee truly and devotedly, and as God hears me, I do believe his heart is just and upright. Will not that suffice thee for now? I can explain no more."

"Bless thee, Guy, for these words!"

And with this the Castilian maiden turned from her cousin and advanced toward the spot where Manfred stood with his mother. The beaming of her eyes was glorious, and the light of a joy ecstatic illumined her beautiful face. She met the look of her knight, and she read therein his love and his truth. Her great gratitude for the blessing of the hour led her over all obstacles of senseless form, and with her heart's tenderness of affection in her speech, she extended both her hands, and called him by name.

Had the whole court of Castile, with Leon to boot, been upon the scene, Manfred would have done as he did. He opened his arms and took the loved one to his fond embrace, and in the presence of the multitude he kissed her and blessed her.

There was a season in which questions and answers came with bewildering rapidity,—the tongues of knights and ladies, and of esquires and men-at-arms, were running together,—but at length a general stage of information was arrived at, and the leaders found themselves able to discuss the more important matters of the strange and unexpected situation.

"We did not meet and connive in concert," said Ida, addressing both the knights in explanation of the appearance of the Countess and herself. "I, when I had summoned my captain, and made arrangement for the journey, knew not that Morgiana had her suspicions aroused in the same direction. I knew that you had gone to Granada to settle a quarrel which might not be settled under the strict laws of Castile; and I knew that in me rested the cause of that quarrel. It was my duty to stop it if I could. So I summoned my attendants, and prepared to set forth."

"While I," said Morgiana, "having made myself sure that my son had gone to repel by arms a seeming aspersion cast upon his birth, and feeling that all the rest of earth combined could not repay me for the loss of my beloved child, also made preparations for the journey to Granada, little dreaming that the fair Marchioness was to bear me company."

"We met," added Ida, "upon the road, and when, upon comparing notes, we had found that our objects were identical, we joined our forces, and proceeded together. And now," she continued, after a slight pause, a new and sublime light gleaming in her radiant eyes the while, "I ask that your difficulty may be healed henceforth. From our good Countess I have learned the truth—she has told me all she had to tell,—and I am satisfied. Guy, wilt thou, too, be satisfied?"

"I am satisfied, fair cousin," replied the knight.

"But, Guy, wilt thou give over this quarrel?"

"We have had no quarrel."

"Ah! Thou triflest. Thou dost not answer [illegible]estly. Speak as I bid thee."

[illegible]y glanced at Manfred, and was silent.

"[illegible]anfred," demanded Ida, turning to the [illegible] knight, "wilt thou, at my command, [illegible]ver thy share in this trouble?"

[illegible] Morgiana, with an appealing look to [illegible]n, silently, but most eloquently, sec[illegible]he request.

"[illegible]y Ida," cried the Knight of Alcala, "[illegible]istakest thy cousin entirely. 'Tis not [illegible]ty that holds him silent from the [illegible] Right gladly would he give over [illegible] if it could be honorably done. I know [illegible]s true and upright heart is only good[illegible]ard me."

"[illegible] cousin," added Guy, as Ida looked in[illegible]y upon him, "thou art a Castilian [illegible]d should'st know the laws of chival[illegible]t in the heat of passion, but upon due [illegible]ration, have our swords been drawn. [illegible]ave solemnly appealed to the trial by [illegible], and how shall we escape the issue? God [illegible]s our hearts at this moment. The great[illegible] calamity of earth that could befall me [illegible]ould be the blood of Manfred upon my [illegible]ands. And he hath sworn that he would rather die than do me mortal harm."

Ida of St. Ildefonso bowed her head, with her hands tightly clasped. Presently she looked up, and the expression of pain and bewilderment had given place to the beaming of a brave resolve. Her beautiful features were illumined by a light supernal, and the rich moisture of her eyes rendered their lustre angelic,—for her mission was an angel's mission indeed. She advanced to Manfred, and extended to him her hand.

"Sir Manfred," she said, with a slight tremulousness in her tone, but with a grand heroism, nevertheless, "thou did'st once tell me of thy love, and did'st ask me if I would give thee mine in return. Thou knowest I have loved thee well and truly. All here know it. Dost love me still?"

"Love thee?" cried the knight, in rapturous bewilderment. "O! all other thoughts and aspirations of life are centred in my love for thee!"

"Then listen," pursued Ida, in tones of tender solemnity: "I am mistress, in my own right, of all my broad domain, and I am mistress of my own hand. That hand, Manfred, I offer now to thee. Wilt take it, and be true and loving to the end?"

With wild emotion Manfred folded the noble girl to his bosom, murmuring, as he did so,—

"As I do unto thee, so may God do unto me! I accept the boon, my precious love, and the wide world holds no lure that can turn my heart from this blessed service!"

At length Ida disengaged herself from the embrace of her lover, and wiping the tears from her eyes she turned to her cousin.

"Guy," she said, with a triumphant light gleaming through the still gathering moisture, "if I mistake not, there is a law of chivalry which thou hast not mentioned—a law that stands high and primal in the knightly code:—Honor and homage and succor to woman. Behold my affianced! In smiting him thou smitest me. Guy, thou art of mine own kin; and I demand of thee that thou shalt save me from the agony of despair. Wilt thou answer me?"

Guy hesitated a moment—not from perversity, but rather from bewilderment—and then he drew his sword from its scabbard, and taking it by the blade he extended the hilt to his cousin.

"Noble lady," he said, "to thee I yield my sword, and thee I make my judge. Our passage was on thy account, and thou hast settled the question in dispute. Be the result what it may I accept thy decision, and will faithfully abide the issue."

He knelt as he spoke, and Ida took the sword from his hand.

And then Manfred, drawing his sword, also knelt before her, saying, as he did so,—

"Noble lady, be thou my judge as well. No true knight of Christendom will dare to cavil at the judgment which thou shalt render. I yield thee my sword."

Ida held both the swords in her hands, with the points resting upon the ground; and so she stood for a brief space in silent thought, and all around her was hushed in solemn stillness. When she spoke there was both dignity and rapture in her tones:

"Sir Guy, I yield thee back thy sword, and with it thy peace of mind. Thou art henceforth in honor bound to guard and love and cherish the friend whom I thus restore to thee!

"Sir Manfred, thy sword, too, I yield back to thee; and with it I give to thee my hand; and in taking this hand thou art henceforth bound, as a true and loyal knight, to love and cherish and protect my kinsmen whom I regard!"

The knights bowed low in token of acquiescence, and having kissed the fair hand from which they received back their swords they arose to their feet well content with the judgment which had been rendered.

A joyful acclaim from those who stood around filled the air. The retainers of St. Ildefonso and of Alcala, who had loved both the knights, and who had known the deadly nature of the business which had called them to Granada, were transported beyond measure by this happy termination. The Lady Morgiana sank down upon her knees in her gratitude to Heaven, and Ida knelt by her side.

But of all who expressed joy on that occasion none exceeded in wild demonstration the jubilant antics of the two esquires. Pedro was ready henceforth and forever to swear by the patron saint of his house; for he firmly believed that his invocation to St. Mark had been mysteriously answered. He cared nothing for the known sequence of natural events. He only knew that, in most direful extremity, when the last hope of earth had faded out, he had appealed to the holy St. Mark, and that relief had come upon the instant.

Of all that crew old Hafed alone joined not in the general joy. He was glad that the brave knights had been reconciled from their quarrel, but he could not give way to the exuberant demonstrations of his companions. He was silent and moody, as though from the presence of still impending evil; but when questioned upon the cause thereof he refused to answer.

CHAPTER XII.

EAVESDROPPERS.

The question of the abiding place of the Castilian ladies while in Granada was answered as soon as asked. Considering the service which they had rendered to the Alcaide the knights had no hesitation in claiming his hospitality for the new-comers.

Accordingly, as soon as arrangements had been made for moving, the party, under the leadership of Pedro and Michael, set forth for that destination. At first Manfred rode by his mother's side, leaving Guy to the care of Ida; but after a time Guy, observing that the eyes of his fair cousin were prone to wander after his knightly companion, fell back by Morgiana's side, upon which Manfred, with a grateful smile, rode forward to the vacant place.

And now the ladies were called upon to give a more particular account of their adventures on the journey from Castile, and in return the knights told much of their own doings.

Sir Guy had told the Countess del Alcala of the service which had been rendered to the Alcaide, and had added that they might be sure of a warm welcome.

"We have thought," he continued, "that there could be no place more appropriately sought. The public inns of Granada do not offer such accommodations as would befit our Castilian ladies of rank."

Morgiana heard, but made no reply. She seemed buried in thought of her own. After a pause Guy ventured,—

"Dear lady, if I mistake not, you have been in Granada before."

Morgiana started, and trembled, and for an instant there was a frightened look upon her face. The knight saw it, and would have craved her pardon, but she intercepted him:

"Sir Guy, my noble husband, the kind and generous Gomez, knew my whole story. I have not told it to others, because he forbade me. I am not a stranger to Granada, though it has been many years since my feet last pressed her sunny soil. As you have long suspected, I am a Granadan by birth—a Granadan and a Moor. Does the confession shock you?"

"No, lady." And his beaming, full-hearted look gave token of his sincerity.

"And yet," pursued the Countess, "you cannot easily bring yourself to granting the propriety of marriage between the Moor and the Christian?"

A warm flush suffused the knight's face, and the light of his eyes was wondrously deep and significant.

"Once," he replied, after a brief pause, "I might have taken counsel of my prejudice alone; but we gain knowledge by experience and observation. Love is the primal power. Love is potent in the human heart; and I do not believe Heaven ever required that a love true and sincere should be sacrificed to conditions imposed by man."

"Ah, Sir Guy," cried the Countess, with a bright, sparkling smile, "thou hast caught a new inspiration. Thou art the oracle of Love itself. The divine flame hath found an altar in thine own heart."

"Thou hast my secret, lady."

"I thought so. And the fair daughter of the Alcaide is the object of thy love?"

"Yes."

"God grant that thy love may prosper. I shall see her. I will help thee if I can."

"Bless thee, noble lady!"

Ere long after this they entered the city, and finally arrived at the residence of the Alcaide, where, as had been anticipated, they received a warm and hearty welcome.

Deeming that Ben Ahmed would appreciate true candor, the knights had resolved to tell him the exact truth of their situation, as they could thus the more readily account for the presence of the ladies. And Guy was spokesman. He told of the quarrel, without the primal cause, and of the challenge, and of the coming to Granada for the duel, on account of the law of Castile which forbade such encounters. And then he told of the discovery made by the ladies, and of their coming to prevent the hostile meeting.

The Alcaide was grateful for the confidence thus reposed, and in return he bade the party to consider his house as their home while they remained in Granada; and he furthermore insisted upon providing quarters for the men-at-arms who had accompanied the ladies. After this he conducted the Marchioness and the Countess to an inner apartment, where he introduced them to his daughter, and gave them to her charge for entertainment.

At first Miriam looked with distrust upon Ida, for the young Marchioness, in speaking of the friends with whom she had come from the forest, mentioned only the name of Guy. She clung to Morgiana lovingly, and shrank farther and farther away from the beautiful maiden of Castile.

Morgiana saw, and quickly understood. Her own instinct of love was supreme. She knew Guy's secret,—and Guy's secret was the secret of Miriam. She saw also the cloud upon Ida's brow—a cloud of chill and pain that she was, from some unseen cause, ungraciously received. She saw this, and then she spoke to Miriam, confident that she could dispel the gloom.

"Dear lady, we shall not trespass long. I cannot speak for Sir Guy; but for myself and Manfred I may say that we shall soon return to Castile; and I think I may say that the Lady Ida—"

"Will go whithersoever her Manfred goeth," broke in Ida, impulsively.

Miriam caught her breath, and turned toward the Castilian princess.

"Dear sister, Manfred is your lover?"

"Yes. Our troth hath been this day plighted. Our love is as old as our remembrance."

And Miriam opened her arms and caught Ida to her bosom; and from that time they were as sisters in truth and in deed.

Guy would have returned to his inn for lodging when the night had set in; but Ben Ahmed would not allow it.

"I have room enough," he said, "and my friends must share it. And, moreover, both you and Manfred will be safer here. I shall see the King on the morrow, and insist upon the immediate apprehension of Haroun; but until the Prince is forcibly restrained be sure he will seek revenge upon you for the part you have taken against him. The same cause that makes him your deadly enemy makes me your devoted friend. So remain with me in safety."

Guy accepted the offer, though his heart smote him for the treachery which his love forced upon him. Not alone for his intermeddling in the forest was Haroun his enemy, as he knew full well. The Moorish Prince knew that he loved Miriam, and that Miriam loved him in return; and on this account was his deadly ire aroused. And this the Alcaide did not know. He had not even a suspicion in that direction.

On the following day, agreeably to his resolve, Ben Ahmed visited the King, and on his return Guy and Manfred, who were together, questioned him concerning his success.

"The King is governed by his folly," cried the Alcaide, bitterly. "I have expounded to him the full enormity of Haroun's offence, and yet he hath thoughts of mercy.—He deems it mercy, but I deem it fear. In the event of his own death, Haroun is the only male heir to the throne; and he fears that the violent death of the heir might cause dangerous convulsion in the kingdom. Still, he will keep a watch upon Haroun's movements. As you are already aware, Haroun's father was a usurper. Jusef was the lawful king even while Mohammed reigned; and before he died Mohammed would have accomplished Jusef's assassination in prison could he have had his will,—he would have done this that his son Haroun might reign after him. And now Jusef fears that the people will think the execution of Haroun an act of pure revenge."

"I can understand," remarked Manfred, "how the monarch's mind can be thus abused; but I do not deem it a kingly attribute. It is a false tenderness which makes a ruler's hand weak to govern."

"The true idea!" pronounced Ben Ahmed, appreciatingly. "I must impress it upon Jusef's mind. He is a good man, and deserves to have no enemies."

"Would to Heaven," exclaimed Guy, dropping his hand upon the hilt of his sword, "that the Prince himself, in place of his base minions, had stood before me in the forest!"

"Amen!" uttered the Alcaide.

"He may—he may—run against my steel yet. If he does I will do my best to rid Jusef of a dangerous enemy."

"Surely," returned Ben Ahmed, "I wish thee no harm, Sir Guy; but I could devoutly pray that the consummation thou speakest of might speedily come."

"Thou would'st rid the King of a dangerous enemy, and thyself of a dangerous rival," remarked Manfred, after the Alcaide had turned away.

"No," said Guy. "I do not hold the Prince as a rival to be feared. Rather do I fear the King in that respect."

"But," suggested Manfred, "if Jusef is kind and considerate will he not listen to Miriam's pleading?"

"Ah," responded the Knight of St. Mark, with a dubious shake of the head, "there is much of stern, cold policy mingled with the King's love for Miriam. With her for his wife he combines new power against Haroun. With a child born of such a marriage the throne becomes firm and strong beneath him."

And with the weight of this thought he turned away and walked apart, wondering if it were within the reach of possibility that the great prayer of his heart could ever be answered.

It was on the afternoon of this same day that Manfred bethought himself of old Hafed, his mother's faithful friend and henchman. He knew that Hafed had been, in other years, well acquainted in Granada, and he proposed now that the old man should walk out with him; but upon making inquiries he was informed that he was confined to his chamber by sickness; and the youth at once hastened to visit him. He found Hafed suffering from a cold, but nothing which appeared serious.

"My good Hafed," said Manfred, "it would do you good to walk out. Come,—the air is mild and balmy, and the sun is sinking toward the mountains. Will you not walk with me?"

"No, my master," said the old man, shaking his head. "I do not feel like it."

"You are not so sick as that, Hafed."

"We may have sickness, Sir Manfred, not apparent to outward observation. I cannot go out."

The youth was about to turn away, when the old man stopped him.

"Manfred, you can trust in my friendship?"

A moment before Manfred had felt a spirit of petulance; but now, as he looked into Hafed's earnest, truthful face, he felt it no more.

"Yes, Hafed. I know you are my friend."

"Then I ask you to trust me without questioning. I care not to show myself in Granada; and it were well if you had the same care."

"How, Hafed!—Is there danger?"

"There may be."

"May be?"

"Aye. I dare not swear to danger; but there is reason for its apprehension. If there be danger, it is danger of the darkest kind—danger to both yourself and your mother. I would have prevented my lady from coming hither had I been able; but she would not listen. Your madcap excursion drew her on in spite of me. But we may be careful yet, and make haste away from this place."

"You think," said Manfred, with an attempt at assumed carelessness, "that our passages-at-arms with the servants of the Prince have brought me into this danger?"

The old man shook his head.

"I speak not of what I think, but of what I know. Ask me no more; for I shall make no explanation in Granada. I only ask that you will trust me. Keep yourself within doors, Manfred, and all may be well; but as true as God liveth, there is danger abroad!"

After Manfred had left the chamber he dwelt long and seriously upon the words of Hafed. He sat down in his own apartment and reflected. He called to mind circumstances which had not before particularly impressed him. He remembered that on more than one occasion his steps had been dogged, and that he had found strange men watching him with close scrutiny. He remembered, too, that men had approached his esquire with strange questionings. He remembered the visit of Abdalla.

What was this mystery? He had thought that Guy was the one who had personal danger to apprehend. Could it be that the danger was greater to himself?

The sun was sinking behind the distant mountain-tops when Manfred walked out into the garden. At a short distance from the house he observed Guy advancing up one of the narrow walks. At another time he would have hailed his companion gladly, but now he wished to be alone with his own thoughts, and he avoided him. He stepped aside into another path, and Guy, who was walking with his head bent, did not see him.

Had Manfred spoken with his friend he would have been cautioned not to venture into the far part of the garden. Guy would have told him that he had himself come from there because he had heard voices which he did not like—voices of men who seemed to be lying in wait for prey,—and he was going to watch that Miriam did not go forth.

But Manfred received not the warning, and he went on—went slowly and thoughtfully on till he had reached an arbor near to the rear wall, where he sat down and talked with himself of the mystery which he fain would penetrate.

He did not see the dark forms that crouched behind the shrubbery close at hand,—he did not observe that these same dark forms were drawing silently nearer and nearer.

"What is it?" he muttered, with his hands clasped upon his bosom. In making the movement he felt the talisman which was suspended from his neck, and he drew it forth and gazed upon it. The immense ruby caught the last rays of expiring day, reflecting from its wondrous depths a light like flaming blood, while the surrounding diamonds flashed and blazed and sparkled like fervid jets shot from the central fire.

And yet Manfred did not hear. He did not hear the step that crept close behind him,—he did not see the dark eyes that gazed over his shoulder upon the gleaming talisman.

"O!" he murmured, "if I could but solve the mystery of this amulet. I wonder was it ever my father's? My mother hath certainly intimated as much."

Scarcely had the words dropped from his lips when he became aware of a hot, quick breathing behind him, and hastily slipping the talisman back into his bosom, he turned and beheld dark faces and glittering eyes peering upon him from the gathering gloom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"The most charming girl in the world!" said Mr. Baltic emphatically.

"That's what they all of 'em say," said his friend Nicholas Peckley, who rejoiced in the glaring fact that he was an old bachelor past all redemption. "It's quite surprising what a number of the most charming girls there are! Well, Baltic, I wish you joy, I'm sure!"

Mr. Baltic rubbed his hands complacently.

"You see," said he, "she's none of your sixteen-year-old slips; she is a rose, as one may say, in the full bloom, is my Myrtilla—just twenty-seven."

"She looks all of that," said his friend dubiously. "*I* should have put it at ten years older, but appearances are deceitful."

"Envious dog!" thought Mr. Baltic to himself as he trotted briskly down the street. "Wishes he was in my place, I haven't a doubt."

And thus meditating, Mr. Brutus Baltic turned his steps toward the casket that contained his heart's jewel—in other words, the house where Miss Myrtilla Hopkinson lived.

The front door was open; so Mr. Baltic walked complacently in, with the air of a man who feels himself thoroughly and entirely at home, and tiptoed up the stairs.

"Dear girl! I'll give her a surprise!" said Mr. Baltic to himself.

Miss Myrtilla sat at the parlor table, her back toward the door, busily employed in reading a letter, while around her lay scattered pens, ink, paper, an open desk, and the paraphernalia of epistolary occupation.

"One of my notes," thought the love-smitten swain; but while these thoughts passed through his mind, a board in the flooring creaked a trumpet of warning. Miss Hopkinson looked around, with a little shriek.

"My goodness gracious!" cried Miss Myrtilla, jumping up.

"I have caught you, Petkins!" cried Mr. Baltic, playfully making a grasp at the note.

But Miss Hopkinson evaded his movement, and thrust the note under a pile of newspapers. But as she did so, Mr. Baltic perceived, to his inexpressible surprise and dismay, that the billet, although in an unmistakably masculine handwriting, was none of his penning.

"Myrtilla!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

"Oh, Brutus, dear, how you startled my poor nerves!" cooed Myrtilla, tripping forward, with outstretched hands.

Before Mr. Baltic could select appropriate words in which to demand an explanation from his sweetheart, the tête-à-tête was unfortunately interrupted by the entrance of Myrtilla's married sister. But as they parted on the staircase, Mr. Baltic said:

"Myrtilla, when I came in this afternoon—"

"Yes, dear," purred the fair enslaver.

"—You were reading a letter—a letter, Myrtilla, from a gentleman!"

Miss Hopkinson colored scarlet.

"Brutus, you surely don't doubt *me*!"

"Will you let me see the letter?"

"No."

Mr. Baltic banged out of the house *a la* jealous Romeo. Miss Hopkinson dissolved into tears.

"O dear! O dear! O dear!" she bewailed herself. "What *shall* I do?"

Mr. Baltic went home in a towering passion of jealous rage, and penned a note which would have done no discredit to any tragedy hero in the land.

"False one," it commenced in very large commercial round-hand, "I give you twenty-four hours for an explanation. If, at the expiration of that period, you still persist in refusing to show me your *clandestine correspondence*, I shall regard our mutual relations as at an end. B. B."

Mr. Baltic read this effusion over and over again, with constantly increasing satisfaction.

"I rather think that will bring her around, if anything will," he said to himself. "And I won't post it neither. I'll leave it at the door myself."

The dusk was only faintly illuminated by here and there the yellow gleam of an occasional gas-lamp when Mr. Baltic stalked up to the residence of Miss Hopkinson once more. Two figures were at the area gate—a woman and a man—whispering in the twilight.

"Good!" thought Mr. Baltic. "It's Bridget and her young man. A good, faithful girl that. I'll give my note to Bridget."

But, as he approached, the dread certainty stole over him that it was *not* Bridget and her lover, but Myrtilla and—and—whom?

Stricken as it were to stone, he watched Myrtilla give the man money. He heard hurried sentences exchanged. He saw the villain creep away, like a sinuous serpent, through the dusk.

Now was the moment for action—now, or never!

"Woman!" he shrieked, pouncing forth on the unconscious Miss Myrtilla, "I have detected your manœuvres at last! Quick! give me the packet of letters he handed to you? I saw him!"

"I will die sooner!" screeched Miss Myrtilla.

In the conflict, the box fell to the ground, its lid separating itself and rolling away; something clinked out upon the pavement. Brutus stooped to pick it up; it was a gleaming double set of false teeth!

"Eh!" cried he. "How! why—"

Miss Myrtilla sank on the area step, hiding her face in her hands.

"Is *this* all?" said Mr. Baltic.

"All!" echoed Myrtilla. "Oh, Brutus, I would have perished sooner than let you know!"

"And that—that villain—"

"Was the dentist's young man!" sobbed Miss Hopkinson.

Light seemed to flash through the murky gloom of Mr. Baltic's seething soul.

"My own Myrtilla! And that note?"

"Don't look at me so, Brutus!" trembled the fair one. "It was the dentist's bill. And now I *know* you hate me."

"Not at all, my dear," said Mr. Baltic, raising his tearful betrothed. "Let me whisper you a secret: *mine* are false too. Perish all deceit henceforward! Myrtilla, queen of my soul, why did you not confide in me at once?"

And so Cupid, the little god of love, folded his wings peacefully above the empty box which had once held Myrtilla Hopkinson's complete set of "uppers and lowers."

WIT AND HUMOR.

"YOU'RE a happy dog, in not being married, my dear Jones," said old Deacon Fruddles. A moment afterwards, on Brown's speaking of his wife and three children, the deacon exclaimed "Ah, you're a happy man, neighbor Brown, in having a family." "Why, Deacon," said a bystander, "how contradictory your remarks are!" "Not at all," replied the Deacon. "I said the man who is not married was a happy *dog*, and that the man who has a family is a happy *man*. Nothing contradictory, sir—nothing at all. I know what I say, sir."

A COUPLE of neighbors living in Westchester county had a long and envenomed litigation about a small spring which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said, "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?" "Your Honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen!" The roar of laughter which followed, proved that the entire audience saw the point.

AN enthusiastic husband, whose wife saved him the expense of a new spring suit by rehabilitating his old one, thus gushingly expresses his feelings:

"Give me the wife that's on the watch
For every little rent or scratch,
And cures it with a timely patch,
Before you know it;
O, she's a woman fit to match
A king or poet."

"WHY didn't you let that Broadway store to Mr. A, when he called this morning?" asked a heavy real estate owner of his agent, the other day. "Well, sir, because he failed a while ago, and I thought I'd wait and consult you about it." "How much did he fail for?" "About a quarter of a million, sir." "How much did he pay?" "Twenty cents on the dollar, sir." "Let him have the store, then; he's got plenty of money."

A YOUNG fop of twenty-six having been called an old bachelor by a lady at a party, objected to the appellation, and offered to leave the question to an elderly gentleman present. This being assented to, he said to the old man, "Should I be called *old*, as I am but twenty-six?" "Well," was the reply, "that depends on how you take it. For a man, twenty-six is young; but for a goose, it is rather old."

A PHILADELPHIAN recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six said to his little daughter of about the same age, "Your pa will marry again, won't he?" "O yes," was the reply, "but I think he'll wait till after the funeral."

A QUACK doctor advertises that persons afflicted with deafness may hear of him at a house in Fourth street, and that blind people can see him at the same place, daily, from eight till eleven o'clock.

AN illiterate preacher reading the verse, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him," read out, "This is the *hair comb*!" and the laughter of irreverent auditors drowned the remainder of the sentence.

"THIS place reminds me of the influenza," said a doctor, who was listening to the discussions and votes in the United States Senate. "Why so?" asked his friend. "Because sometimes the *ayes* have it, and sometimes the *noes*."

A LONG ISLAND poet says of a recently deceased carpenter:

"No wonder he sawed short life's span,
For long he was a(n)ailing man."

"IS the Judge just behind, there?" asked a waiting lawyer of a gentleman who came into court the other morning. "I don't know; but if he is, he was never *just* before," was the reply.

A GENTLEMAN having an exceedingly deaf servant was advised by a friend to discharge him. "No, no," said the kind-hearted man; "if I should he would never hear of another situation."

"MOTHER, a brooklet means a little brook, doesn't it? and an eaglet, a little eagle?" "Yes, my darling." "Then, ma, does an eyelet mean a little eye, and a hamlet, a little ham?"

IT has been found that in nearly every civilized country the tree that bears most fruit for market is the axle-tree.

THE positive, comparative and superlative degrees of getting on in the world are, get on, get honor, get honest.

SOME doctors seem to think that patients should be treated like pigs—first killed, then cured.

CURRENT ITEMS.

WHILE Robert Williard, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was driving toward home a few miles in the country, he missed his way, and as darkness overtook him, he drove over an embankment and fell head foremost into a deep hole. Being covered by the wagon and a sand slide, he could not get out; and, incredible as it may seem, he lived until morning, standing upon his head, and suffering the most horrible agony for nine hours. Shortly after being found he died.

A HEARTLESS HUSBAND.—A woman in St. Louis having been badly marked by the small-pox, her husband became ashamed of her, and inducing her to cross the Mississippi, under the pretence of accompanying her to a Southern State, he put her on the train, and when it started he pretended to go into another car to look for a friend, and, jumping off, deserted her. When she got back to St. Louis, several days afterward, he could not be found.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—Martin Deneef, while at work at Mitteneague, Mass., on the 4th of March, felt something strike his eye directly after a blast. He supposed it to be merely a flesh wound, and had it dressed accordingly; but on the 13th a Springfield oculist took from his eye a large pebble, which had passed through the eyelid and lodged in the ball of the eye, where it had remained nine days without being discovered. The sight was destroyed.

A VISITOR to the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, speaks of it as the most dignified tribunal in the country, notwithstanding he has seen one of the judges eat an apple with great gusto while seated on the bench, and another partake of molasses candy, and after the repast, lick every one of his ten fingers with great satisfaction.

A VERY careful bridegroom, in Cleveland, kept the wedding ring in his mouth during the first part of the ceremony, so that he could find it when the right time arrived. He mumbled the responses all right till the minister winked at him, as a hint to produce the ring, when, in his nervousness, he swallowed it.

ACCORDING to the returns of the last census, there are four thousand eight hundred and forty-four daily and weekly papers published in the United States, and their aggregate circulation is thirteen million one hundred and ninety-eight thousand two hundred and ninety.

A GENTLEMAN living in Nottingham, N. H., is reported to have been poisoned by some postage stamps which were sent to him in a letter from this city, requesting an immediate answer. This is a warning not to touch one's tongue to postage stamps that come from strangers.

A WIDOW lady in Louisville, Ky., has buried five husbands; the last of whom, previous to his death, had buried as many wives. That was a close contest; but she proved too much for him. She has another chance, at least.

A CITIZEN of Fairfield, Vt., twenty-five years of age, got drunk on one of the last cold days they had in that region, and wandering off upon a pond was so badly frozen that he lived but a few hours after being found and taken home.

A FARMER living near Decatur, Ill., is said to have acquired the reputation of being a very mean man, because he discharges his hands every Saturday night, and then charges them for board and lodging over Sunday.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD son of a physician in Springfield, while amusing himself with a small pistol on Friday afternoon of last week, accidentally discharged it in his face, causing a painful and possibly a fatal wound.

THE gales this season are pronounced by seafaring men as the most severe that have been encountered for years; much damage has been inflicted on shipping, and tales of suffering and disaster are frequent.

AN old lady in Wisconsin is said to have done all her family sewing, for thirty years, with a single paper of needles, presented to her on her wedding-day, and the supply is not yet exhausted.

THE death is announced, at Allegheny City, Pa., of General Hambright, who served through the war of 1812, and was very near a hundred years old.

A SHOCKING accident, the result of an overdose of laughing gas, resulting in the death of a lady, recently occurred at a dentist's office in this city.

THEY recently had an earthquake shock in Savannah, and the sea rose on Tybee Island, in the harbor, to a great height.

A LITTLE boy of Quincy, Ill., drank a bottleful of earache medicine, and died in thirty minutes.

THE OLD CLOCK'S VOICE.

BY CARLO DOVE.

Against the wall the old clock stands,
Its hands are red with rust;
And its pendulum sways through a dusky haze
Of cobwebs thick as dust.
Over a hundred years ago,
With measured swing and motion slow,
That clock began to mark time's flow.

Many a one, in days gone by,
Who passed upon its face,
Now sleeps where the breeze through the trees
Makes music in the place.
Make music in the place.
Yet, as if it were an immortal thing,
The old clock still keeps up its swing,
And counts the hours as they take wing.

On in the misery where time
Is but a weary round,
While gathered around the hearth,
The children sing and laugh and romp;
Make most of the hours they count.
Above the ringing laughter's chime,
I hear the old clock's steady tune,
Weaving the song of passing time.

And when the summer days come round,
And the birds sing in the trees,
While a thousand flowers, called forth by showers,
Shower's,
Sweeten the kind south breeze,
Mingled with sound of bird and bee,
And cheery laughter of infancy,
The old clock's tone is merry.

All seasons through that voice is heard,
Whether in cold or heat,
Whether hale be fair, or stormy blast
Lifts rolled mounds of sleet.
To note the tardiness of life,
The hours that come, the hours that die,
On old clock stands there faithfully.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DISMISSED SERVANT," "SELF-MADE," "THE SOUTHERN," ETC.

CHAPTER XCVII.
A VERY DESPERATE GAME.

"Now, my dear, you can open a letter.
And I will stand and watch you read it."—SHAKESPEARE.

Craven Kyte, the infatuated and doomed lunatic, returned to Woodlawn and remained there. Mrs. Greyson, Mrs. Kyte and her two widow daughters, returned to Woodlawn and resumed their former quiet and monotonous life. Of course, there was no change in the mourning for her sisters and of course nothing to be said about the matrimonial intentions between the correspondents, but from the study of church services, Sunday-schools, sewing circles, and missionary matters, until they found time for planning for a word of affection, with parenthesis of a kiss, was a long step.

So it was naturally to be. I wish she was a little less devoted to the interests of the Church, and a little more obedient to me.

But the instant afterward he blamed himself for egotism, and consoled himself by saying:

She always told me that, however much she loved, she would never wed my love-letters, as they might possibly fall into the hands of some unfeeling, sensible people who would make a mock of the writer. It is a far-fetched idea, but I will not run the risk. I must confess. It will all be right as I go to Richmond and claim her darling hand.

And the blessing of the world did follow with such potency that he would long to tell some one, his partner especially, that he was the happiest man on earth, for he was to marry in the world's best woman, but he was restrained by his promise to keep his engagement a secret, and he was true to his Rose with the fastened wither a profound secret. And though the poor fellow was a fool, he was an honorable fool, and held his promise inviolate.

Every letter was in itself something of a mortification to him, containing no expression of confidence or affection, and in which way one might suspect that the correspondence was carried on by two cold and frigid people, less than two betrothed husband.

Every letter began and ended with a formal bow, and he was thankful that he was to be spared the matrimonial intentions between the correspondents, but found study of church services, Sunday-schools, sewing circles, and missionary matters, until they found time for planning for a word of affection, with parenthesis of a kiss, was a long step.

So it was naturally to be. I wish she was a little less devoted to the interests of the Church, and a little more obedient to me.

But the instant afterward he blamed himself for egotism, and consoled himself by saying:

She always told me that, however much she loved, she would never wed my love-letters, as they might possibly fall into the hands of some unfeeling, sensible people who would make a mock of the writer. It is a far-fetched idea, but I will not run the risk. I must confess. It will all be right as I go to Richmond and claim her darling hand.

And the blessing of the world did follow with such potency that he would long to tell some one, his partner especially, that he was the happiest man on earth, for he was to marry in the world's best woman, but he was restrained by his promise to keep his engagement a secret, and he was true to his Rose with the fastened wither a profound secret. And though the poor fellow was a fool, he was an honorable fool, and held his promise inviolate.

Every letter that came to him also contained another letter to which it never referred by a word, and which was always found to be sealed in an envelope bearing the same superscription as the first. And it was directed to "Mrs. Mary Grey, Old Church Manor, Richmond."

Craven Kyte would gaze at this mysterious letter in the utmost confusion and obscurity of mind.

"Now, why in the world does she write a letter and direct it to Mary Grey, when she has no one to read it to, or to speak of it to, or to discuss it with? Why, I declare, I am in a perfect puzzle-box! And what in the world does she write about

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the time for which it has been paid for, unless we receive an order to continue it. It would be well to renew your subscription at least one week before the time of expiration.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber unless he gives us his former as well as the present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR TERMS FOR 1872—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $5 per annum; four copies, $16. Any person getting up a club of ten copies, at the same time sends us $30, will be entitled to a copy free. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at $3 each. The subscriptions taken for a less period than one year will be charged at the rate of four dollars per quarter in addition to the subscription, to pay the Associate postages. When a draft is remitted, a post-office money order should be obtained, if possible, as it is safer than to send bills. Terms of money by mail, post-paid, to the *Ledger* in all parts of the country: Three months' trial copies, or two cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

Agents wanted. Liberal terms to agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

The Income Tax—Its Statistics Advertised in England.

JOHN BRIGHT has written a letter recently in which he says:

"There is little real difference of opinion as to the effects and ultimate character of the Income Tax."

Such is the language which the leading statesmen of Great Britain have almost unanimously held in public speech. They have hardly attempted to justify, or even to excuse the tax, except on the plea of necessity. For a long time it was known as the war tax, from its being levied temporarily, in consequence of the extraordinary expenses of war coming upon some one.

The frankness which have been perpetrated in England in making income returns have shocked the moral sense of the people, and law has been stigmatized as a measure for the encouragement of perjury and fraud.

In this country the Income Tax has been followed by the same train of evils which have assaulted it in England. By its own limitation the law expires with the present session, but it seems there is a decided manifestation of public sentiment against it, there is too much reason to apprehend its re-enactment.

Long Horses Again.

Once more there seems to have come in fashion—the long dresses for sweeping the streets! A detestable fashion it is too, which we cannot recommend it, and with many and forcible reasons for its condemnation.

The silks and other costly materials worn rest in mopping the sidewalks of Broadway and Fifth Avenue cost enough to keep hundreds of poor families from starvation and want.

But the waste attendant upon this custom is not the only or the greatest objection to it. A mop attached to the end of a dress, and sweeping a part of it, is wholly incompatible with personal neatness. In any lady willing to wear such a dress that she is not neat?

In the days of mean to set their faces against the long-dress disgusting fashion. They carry their opposition to the extent of refusing to walk with any lady dressed in such a manner. Gentlemen, if ladies insist upon dressing so as to walk with mops to them only fit for a

It's a humpe and all such things we have to contend with an effort; but the most earnestly, against the mop, as the "New Bedford's Relief, Hopeful" cause her on the upper story, or, to replace the whole house as her die

is a little incident, and yet it will be noticed by hundreds all over the city for the knowledge of his immense charities is extended everywhere, and he has very commonly reputed to be a handsome, generous, and at times a munificent, genuine gentleman.

A Kindness; and yet the record of it, simple as it is, constitutes a monument to him more enduring than his marble palaces, and with a foundation broader than his imported Plains.

Cold-water Bathing.

There has been a discussion before the Massachusetts Legislature as to the constitutionality of compelling the children at the Blind Asylum to bathe daily in cold water. The *Watchman and Reflector* remarks:

"The bathing at the Blind Asylum is under investigation at the State House, and we hope will be continued, whether it is legal or illegal to compel it. Perhaps if one member of the institution had refused to bathe the question should be subjected to the test of a decision by the courts; but as the whole matter appears to be settled, if there is nothing like knowing how it is proposed to do it. There is nothing like knowing how it is proposed to do it.

A "Significant Name.—A Maryland paper has an advertisement of a farm for sale "known by the name of *Philip's Hard Fortune*." We should think that was a hard name to apply to any locality which might prove a hard place to live in. We should think this would be an unsalable place.

A Handsome Girl.—We have received a present as a very handsome cameo from Mr. Collins Acers, a farmer residing at Hermon, St. Lawrence county, New York. Mr. Acers appears to be a natural artist, for with only a file and a jackknife for tools, he has wrought, at the end of the handle of an ordinary hoe, and on the side of the cane, an excellent likeness of Bonner. Several months ago Mr. Acers called at our office, and while there made a sketch of our features, which he says he took home here or memory to himself which had to show him, and he is correct. We attribute his rare success thus far to his natural talent and genius. We are forcibly to be the case as an embodiment of his thanks.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

In England, not on the Continent, hot cross buns are made, sold, and eaten exclusively on Good Friday. There has been much speculation, as to their origin. The cake is small, spiced, and marked with a cross. What is its origin? There seems reason to think it is part of that ancient system of which Easter itself is a relic. The marks of identification are these:

Baal or Bel was worshipped extensively in the East, and eventually in Greece, and including Britain. He was the Sun. His consort was Astarte, the Ashtaroth of the Bible, the Eostre of the Germans: hence "Easter," which is peculiar as a word to the Englishman. Forty days of fasting in honor of the Sun have been kept by Pagans in Koordistan, by the Mexicans, by the ancient Egyptians, (see Wilkinson,) by some of the Greeks and Romans. Christianity in the sixth century accepted this, gave it a new name and signification, and what used to be a fast in honor of the Sun, beginning three days after the vernal equinox, became a Christian observance. The transition was easy. Instead of the Sun, Christ was recognized, a strange custom, the Christian long refusing the Roman time; but at length the Church time and usage prevailed. The egg was the Eastern symbol of fertility, and was dyed, ornamented, and presented to the goddess. Pe was also the old Druidical emblem; for they used the Cross and Circle. The Hindoos have a goddess, and the Japanese a god, called Buns. Dungone Lacrtius describes the Athenian Bunsia by Pasinon, (Bunsi.) "He offered one of the sacred cakes called Bunsia, which were kept by the priests and boys."

The prophet Jeremiah—44:19—says, "The children gather wood, the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead the dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven." Hot cross buns" in her honor fifteen hundred years before the Christian era.

Men who have studied this subject from opposite points of view have come to the same conclusion on it, such as the Rev. G. S. Faber, the Rev. Hugh Pearce Smith, and Sir Walter Scotland the "Scotch Antiquary," who says the writer in the Book of Days, "people in long times was born into this world, and lived in reality, they are about." The history however is curious, showing how little we, from now under the sun, or the moon; how sagacious men's minds were centuries ago, and how the race is one, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding. Customs are the last to think themselves exploded.

Not that I feel above taking a good unbiased opinion, but I have my own notion of number less and not returned. I do not like to hurry them in the slightest degree, or bother. I frequently borrowed documents and handwriting. But the loss of one, and only one, set me then a morsel of paper, which I have used ever since. I have intended to make one for myself.

I may have forgotten an apple or two, or a bottle of brandy, but I am sure I left no money over the fence; but ten times the value of the night time, when the owner's gate, or the owner's pigs, or it can find to its goose—with the weak-minded creature who had been robbed of his life for being afraid to go out doors after dark. He was a brother of the worst pirate, who was afterward executed near this city.

A peculiarly tender-hearted individual—if we may believe his own statement—was himself—has just been convicted of murder in England. The following is his statement:

"I was passing by the house at the trial, in summing up, told the jury that the question they had to decide was whether at the time the prisoner struck the deceased he knew he was doing wrong and was the act of a responsible person.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, accompanying it with a recommendation to mercy.

The defence of insanity has been pretty generally disregarded by English juries, of late years.

The Diamond Fields in Africa.

A correspondent of the London *Times* gives some information about the latest discovered of the Diamond Fields in Africa. He says that the most satisfactory method of having obtained on an area of about twenty acres, known as the "New Rush," is by the Kopjes." He says:

"I believe that at least four-fifths of the diamonds are unearthed at this spot, and that when the Kopjes are worked out the "New Rush" will be deserted. Many of the diggers are already in trouble; new rush may, of course, be discovered, but the chances are against it. In the event, this is the general opinion."

The most recent discovery of this New Rush, digging for diamonds was a very speculative employment, and that a comparatively large proportion of those engaged in it had not found anything. From the information from inquiry among them, it was ascertained that not more than one in twenty was satisfied with the employment.

A Huge Skeleton.

The following description is given of a skeleton recently found at Otisville, Orange county, N. Y.:

"The upper jaw and main portion of the head weighs 50 pounds, and measures 3 feet 6 inches across the top. There are four teeth in the upper jaw, each weighing 1 pound, and measuring three inches along the grinding surface and two inches across. The openings where the tusks have been are three feet and eight inches apart, and the tusks in circumference. The vertebrae was found to be in a good state of preservation, and the bones were solid and heavy. The shoulder blades (blades) where the spinal cords lay when the monster was alive is five inches in circumference. Among the missing bones are the tusks, the lower jaw, and the tail bones. The tusks are said to be a big size, some fourteen feet long, and proportionately large. The skeleton is reconstructed in full measure from the measurement of a few feet to the top of its head, and over twenty-five feet in length of body."

The New York Herald says that the excitement is, that in its stomach was found a quantity of undigested matter, consisting of the bones of a full-grown man. Among the missing bones are the tusks, the lower jaw, and the tail bones. The tusks are said to be a big size, some fourteen feet long, and proportionately large. The skeleton is reconstructed in full measure from the measurement of a few feet to the top of its head, and over twenty-five feet in length of body.

It is evident that this part of the world was once inhabited by animals very different from those to be found here now. The museum at Albany contains a number of specimens of those monsters which have been exhumed in different parts of the State.

—To the *Alchemy Campion* and numerous other journals: When you copy our articles, it is not just or easy to give credit to the *New York Ledger* as to "*Alchemy?*"

BORROWING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"From him that would borrow, turn not thou away." Are we to construe this literally, or may we use discretion in the matter?

No one can doubt that an *obliging* spirit is sometimes that one ought not to repress his own good alone, in his various possessions and implements. But really, ought we to lend to every one everything? or in spite of the lessons of experience? A boy, a spade, an axe, a saw, a rake, a hoe, a horse, or sugar, or flour; or a common book, or newspaper—these are subjects for borrowing. But your spectacles, your Sunday coat, or silk dress; your new china coffee-pot, or superb book; a picture or delicate engraving; a new umbrella, or an aquarium; your lamp, or other like valuables—are you bound to lend these?

There is a question for you, Mr. BONNER! Are we bound by the command to a literal fulfilment? For, if we are, I should like to borrow a pair of horses, a fast which I have heretofore, in a variety of ways, hinted, and which I have sung in the ballads of a sable flavor; and so on.

But I am growing heterodox—perhaps not the Unitarian time and season for it. I am tending to those who never return; to those who, if they look, look about and look for, with the affable explanation that "the child will find it by and by," and "I did it a little." No—it isn't that—I am tired, after all; for, considering the matter, I remember that I never married—only once, and that one can has the first volume of Burke's Works, and that once, Bryant, in his Spring Poems, which was walked off with to Cincinnati, and has been lent to divers and sundry, I don't know—well, I'll find out and let you know!—and Shakspeare, and Milton, and Scott, and as much and more, and that the case is about closed.

Borrowing and lending are both good things. There is a manner of a great publishing house in this city, that I have known, who loved to borrowed that distinguished traveller and author's "Book of Nature," and lent it not, and did not return it on demand! It was always the Christian habit, but he did not live with him around the world; with which he had to do with it. I have been many times asked and preserved sacredness from a scrutinized and lent it to a friend, who lent it to another friend, and so on, and so on, and so on, and Swedes, he had played fast and loose with it.

Now this whole charge I deny. That I ever in earnest, when I borrowed a book, that establishment has always been a matter of much regret to me. Until I had learned the well-worn and world-renowned aphorism that "a borrowed book is a lost book," I did think themselves exceptionally.

Borrowing and lending are both good things, and keep my pics ones to myself? Why, I have lent books to my friends, among the things which one must lend on account of his friends. That I have not lent my best on purpose is most a broken-down horse and a kitchen, I will tell you.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

I am in the habit of receiving countless letters on the servant question. They usually commence by saying, "You will doubtless be surprised at receiving a communication from a stranger." As I am getting rather weary of this formula, I would here say, that I should be surprised to receive a letter from any one but a stranger. As I am writing rather weary of this formula, I would here say, that I should be surprised to receive a letter from any one but a person who was not "an entire stranger." The justice of this remark will be seen by those I get upon the much ventilated, but never fully understood "servant question." Now, as to this whole subject, which is a perennial source of trouble to the whole of our race, I have for years and years, at a time, waiting for days and even weeks at a time, waiting for my turn to speak with those ladies who demonstrate at this delay, that "they can't get no help nowadays," or that "the poor girls who are paying their board, the only reason is that they have had a call to go out."

Information has got to begin here. No matter, but the cheapest servant, is to inform herself incapable of the duties she has declared herself competent to perform, and to be asked high wages for under these false pretences. Let her be sent back to school, or to learning, a recommendation from the lady she has deceived, and then let her apply for a place. Let her be sent back to school, or to learning, a recommendation from the lady she has deceived, and then let her apply for a place.

Ladies also themselves should make it an invariable rule, to speak the truth to each other, when called upon to know the "character" of those whom they employ in their own place.

Change will and must be the order of the day, with all the monstrous results to both sides of the question. The servant is entitled to inspection by the Court of Justice, and transmitted to the Czar.

Let the whole deposit that the incantations Prince had boasted he would be placed upon the throne by the glory against the will of Peter.

The brothers of the ex-Czarina, who were supposed to be implicated in the designs of Peter, were also arrested, and their papers seized, and suspicions of the Czarevitch were decapitated, and their heads exposed in Red Square.

Peter's next step was to remove his son to the Peter and Paul Fortress. As soon as convenient, the laws of Russia gave him an inconvenient, the laws of Russia gave him an inconvenient, the laws of Russia gave him an inconv

BUILDING THE NEST.

BY FRANK J. CERVANNY.

"Hail, little wife!" the Robin said,
As he flew to his mate one morning;
The dark cloth was his wedding-dress,
But we are not as they.

"Four years ago we joined our hearts;
Four happy years have flown,
And every year we rented ours—
Ah! did we not, mine own?

"The wild and restless birds may roam,
And fondest homes scorn,
But we have built our nest of love,
Let contention scorn us.

"To-morrow, on the sun-fa shine,
We will begin our nest;
We'll labor with a cheerful will,
For labour won't be hard."

"I know," said she, "a store of moss
That by the spring hill grows;
And I," said he, "a store of twigs
That by the mill-dam grows."

Then up went high with greater care,
Than e'er before, they flew;
Yet never was the nest so light
Last Summer's fatal fall.

"The strongest fabrics of our hoard
Contrived the wall to climb;
Full in the central ground and dried;
O, love, that dreadful time!

"We moulded, as love alone can mourn,
The glory of our nest,
And placed the soft and bleeding hearts
The touch will all the rest.

"Hint we scratched a little grave,
And gently laid him there,
And covered deep his pretty form,
Safe from the chilling air.

This year our home shall be secure,
And free from all its fears;
It search for food the livelong day,
And sing the livelong nights.

"And when our chicks have learned to fly,
And chirp a cheerful song,
Join us in our canary-strain,
And we from our sleep.

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "SAM KEEN," "BRIGHT BOB," "LION HEARD," "THE CLUBFOOT BEAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

GETTING READY FOR THE ENEMY.

While Mark Heber and Will Whitman were riding to the fort, the new settlement was closely watched by Indians, and by Buck the outlaw, as narrated, all of whom had concentration into the stockade.

The defenders of the little fort, with some of the women and children, were upon the platform, and gazing through the loop-holes upon the rolling, fragrant prairie, and upon the wild, wildly throbbing hearts.

Among the latter was Mrs. Informed Mark during their visit to the graves of the cottonwoods Mr. Hopkins had managed to throw himself in time when Will had given chase to the antelope which had brought him into trouble. Mr. Hopkins had slain a fine young buck, and, in good spirits, had gone home with his trophy. While he was in the act he was unconscious his terrible adventure, he had escaped the observation of the Indians.

As the hours were on and he did not reappear, and the firing continued more prominently absent, the anxious settlers held a consultation, and it was upon the point of riding forth in search of the missing youths, when Will and Mark came shadowy with a spy-glass, one of the loop-holes, uttered a shrieking shriek of terror which was responded to by a shriek of joy.

Whitman and Hopkins flew up the ladder to the platform, followed by frightened women and boys. They peered out of the loop-holes, and their hearts rose from their sight of the scene.

They beheld on the level prairie to the northward a mounted flying fortress which were promptly made out to be Mark Heber and Will Whitman, the quality in the direction of the settlement, and pursued by a band of painted Indians. Their speed and pursuit declared them to be hostile to the young fugitives.

The baptism of the redmonies were nearly five miles from the little fort, and it was particularly clear at a distance of a mile, and by brightness of the sunset, their faces might almost have been recognized as those and as of the powerful glasses.

"Oh, my poor boy!" moaned Mrs. Whitman, clinging to the rough logs forming the stockade. "Oh, my poor boy! Will he safely reach safety?"

Her tearless eyes were fixed in an anguished gaze upon the figure of the two young fugitives, her eldest born, and never swerved from them for one breath-moment until she followed.

"Oh, my poor arms!" cried Mr. Whitman, after a long look at the fugitives through the glass. "Oh, my poor arms! Will they reach the Indians or the fort before the redmonies shall?"

"Thank God! How the boys ride! Mark's horse stumbled, but the boy whoops in the saddle and shoots the horse behind him! One Indiaman less, and now they shoot their own!"

Some of the women fell on their knees in prayer; some sobbed aloud; some could only moan; and the children were in confusion unbound.

The children of the settlement comprehending the impending danger, gathered under the platform and cried piteously.

Any little one climbed the ladder next after Mr. Whitman and Hopkins, and her cry of terror, and the sudden consternation of all within a silence and suspense that were terrible.

"They are gaining!" cried Mr. Hopkins, after a pause that seemed an age. "There's a shot! Whitman, them—at their very head. It's Herb—the fellow Heber forged in the lead. God help the boys! How they come on again—now their speed slackens! Oh, my God, they are riding for life!"

"No, Mr. Hopkins, no," said Hopkins, his features working convulsively. "Mark Heber, and the two, and the same, are riding for the horses. Two or three of us, with such poor guns as we have, would be lost in the midst of these demons. They'd circle around us, and we'd be shot down like sheep. Our only way to Indians coming down the river, and the boys will ride to the river. We are in our advantage. We should have to fight Whitman, our place is here with our wives and children."

"You are right," answered Whitman, with an effort; "but how can I see my boy to his fate my eyes? A savage fired at him then. An Indian shot at him now. Will he escape?"

"Yes, sir; I mean that, and more," declared Will Whitman, who had come down from the loop-hole to say to you in confidence. Mr. Whitman, Gay is not going to be—"

"Not your sister?" repeated Mr. Whitman, in surprise.

"No, sir. But I love her as if she were, sir. I would fight for sisters did not know the truth. Mark Heber is my brother by birth and destiny, with which Miss Gay is in some way, I know not how, connected. Let us ride forward to meet them."

With considerable agitation, Mark told how he came to the door of his father's farm-house, in Sussex county, New York, one day, and found him lying on the ground, with his wife and little child of some twelve or fifteen months by his side.

He told how his mother had given the wayfarer shelter, and forborne to turn her child out of doors, as the country about house, through the summer that had followed, and how her father, the human hedge-hog, had died, in spite of opium and magnesia, and she had left with her child, and lived in the country graveyard a few miles distant.

He related how his parents had cherished the little waif, how they had died, and he had been left to care for the child, and how to share his earnings. He told of Miss Jack's visit to the graves of her parents, and of the arrival of the wayfarer at Mark Heber's under of the arrival of the wayfarer at Mark Heber's under of the arrival of the wayfarer at Mark Heber's under

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

the platform. The idea grows upon me that the Indians may attempt to scale the wall."

Mark descended the ladder, his weapon in hand, and set out upon his solitary tramp.

"How dark it is!" was his thought. "What a night it is for them!"

He had all along apprehended an attack upon the northern side of the stockade, and it was to this point he directed his attention principally now.

He was creeping along close to the heavy logs forming the wall, when he fancied he heard a sound as if some one was on the other side of the stockade. He listened, and heard a sound as of one attempting to climb a rope attached to the picket on the top of the wall.

"Ah," thought Mark, "they mean to swarm over into the fort at this point in the dark, now."

He stole along to a ladder near at hand, and softly crept up to the platform and waited in the darkness.

He had scarcely accomplished the feat when he saw a dark object appear above the wall, that some one had mounted by the picket above him. The next moment the person had climbed over, and was lowering himself gently and silently to the platform close to the side Mark.

The information concerning the fort gained by Pringle during his captivity by the settlement was being duly used by his savage friends to their own advantage.

Mark drew his long hunting knife and crouched down in the darkness.

"They are getting one man into the fort to open the gate to them," he thought. "I see, and I am ready!"

The miscreant feet of the intruder touched the wooden platform but a yard distant from Mark, who crouched like a panther against the wall, his eyes glaring like those of a tiger.

The intruder did not see him. He drew a long, low breath, and glanced around him, probably a signal to those without of his safety.

Mark's hand grasped his knife with a grip like steel. The next moment he had asserted his of the position of the intruder. With a sudden swift motion, he bent forward and thrust his knife to the hilt in the bosom of the man.

The blind stroke had been guided, but as say, by Providence. There was a gasping for breath, a sudden striking out with both arms blindly, a rattled groan, and the intruder reeled and fell backward over the edge of the platform to the ground.

Mark looked over, but could see nothing. The fellow did not stir, and Mark believed he was dead.

He bent his ear to the wall. There was a faint disturbance without, as if some one had had been beaten.

Mark climbed up the rough logs to the picket, felt along with his hand and found the rope which was knotted to one of them. The rope was drawn tightly, as the man who had touch convinced him that another man was climbing up by the aid of the knots in the rope.

As quick as light Mark drew his knife across the rope, and it fell, and one man fell heavily to the ground.

Then followed half-suppressed exclamations, a smothered curse in English, and a sound as of persons stealing away in the gloom.

"They are going to try something else," thought Mark. "I'll have a look at my catch first."

He descended to the ground, drew a match from his pocket, and struck it on the wall which the intruder had fallen. Finding it, he struck the match and passed the flitful glare to fall upon the body, which lay where it had fallen.

The body was that of a white man. He was dead enough, for the knife was in up to the hilt. Mark turned him over, and recognized the face of the man who had been with Pringle, the spy of Sir Jack who had gained an entrance into the fort by stratagem more than two weeks before, only to steal the jewels belonging to Guy Heber.

The villain had met the death he merited, and had gone to his reward.

Leaving the body on the ground where it had fallen, Mark took the villain's revolvers and ammunition, and then went on with his own round. Without seeing further disturbance upon the dead man, he completed his circuit and returned to Mr. Whitman with his report.

No one save himself had seen or heard the occurrence.

Their idea was to get some one inside to open the gate to them," said Whitman. "They knew that Pringle is dead by your entering the fort, and they will not try that trick on us again."

They waited a few minutes, but the question was not answered, and any sound from without.

Mark then proposed to go off upon a fresh scout, and hastened away.

He had not gone many yards when an awful clamor arose upon the black night air—a yell of fiendish exultation, as if that which had been dreading—and the savage hordes within the stockade had found the body of their fallen foe.

Mark paused to listen, but these sides of the stockade came hurrying to the spot where the cry had come from.

"Back to your posts!" cried Mark Heber, hearing their hurrying steps. "You are to protect the other sides."

But the brave men were too excited to hear or heed. They rushed on to the point of peril, and Mark followed them, as he should continue to do upon his rounds.

Mark longed to join them, but three sides of the stockade were undefended, and he must watched, and he pressed on, returning by the opposite way.

As he neared it he heard sounds again in the stockade, and he was afraid that his aid might be brave soul could within him.

He was afraid that the Indians would retreat from the side unwatched, and had returned to it again. The attack upon the gates was to cover their efforts at the point. There were more than a score of savages clustering at the great gates, where as Mark could tell by the sounds, they were scaling the walls of dead men piled on the inside of the gates.

Over a score of the Indians already stood within the walls of the stockade.

Mark's alone stood ready to aid his friends, ascending the platform, and grasping his weapons, he awaited the moment to prevent or from reaching our doomed families!

CRUISE OF THE "HAPPY SHIP."

BY R. W. NEWMAN.

It was in April, 186—, the British ship of war *Sovereignty* lay in Southampton waters ready for sea. She was a fine, large vessel, armed as ships of war in last ever; handsome discipline was maintained on board. She was to be a training vessel for our captain, when we were all curious to see, and anxious to know what sort of a Tyke was going to command us.

We did not wait long; at seven bells we were all mustered on deck, when the captain came on board with a young, fair-haired midshipman, who proved to be the captain's son, Lieutenant Hearthside. He looked round the decks a little with quiet, but, "soft," as his father's observation of lieutenant, and then the boatswain was piped aft, to hear his orders read.

In stature he stood about five feet nine inches, and three ast, with a very quiet manner; his face clear and open, with a good head and set on his shoulders. The officers were well impressed with their new captain.

After reading his commission, he turned to the crew and said, "My men, for the space of three years we are to be together. I will give you every kindness compatible with the discharge of your duties, and I hope to find you a cheerful and willing crew. I am going to ask one favor—that is, let there be no swearing, either on the ship's decks, or below. For no punishments. Gentlemen," turning to his officers, "I look to you to co-operate with me in carrying out the duties of my command. I will now proceed to the quarter-deck."

He cheered ship and piped to dinner.

After the meal was finished, the captain descended on the lower deck, and walked fore and aft, and then went up on the quarter-deck. He paused, and looked at the men, and said, "Well, I'll swear rings afore him to-morrow," said Jack Crags.

"No, you won't, Jack," said an old quartermaster, for you'll get three dozen if you're talked with him before. He was first luff of the *Dreadnought* when I was in her, and a good officer as ever stepped."

"That's no reason that he should stop our swearing, Bill," said Jack, "and I'll not stand it," said Jack, and all together.

The whole crew looked on midshipman's berth the matter was talked about, and all were pleased with the new captain. Jack would have a hard time of it before we saw him break his word. The first night at sea he had called the watch, and scarcely was a quarter-deck officer, a first-class seaman, and a quartermaster. Well, they were all there, and the captain came on board. We got under weigh, and having a fine wind, were soon bowling down Channel, and well out in the Channel. Now we began to have some fun. Our captain commenced to drill us; for there was a place for every man, and every man in his place. Each had his own place, to get acquainted with our shipmates, and to know the duties of each station. We had some beautiful sailing weather before we should see old Albion's shores again.

I am on the top-sail yard, reefing.

I am where I would ever be.

The sea is calm, and not a ship below.

And silence reigns wherever I go.

But with this calm comes a daring enterprise of youth's first venture, there will linger, and I am sorry for it. I am not a man of the world; for there is none in the world, and no other, so not to leave some one to shed a tear for them, as we left our friends and relations.

The next morning we were many of us busy on the quarter-deck, when the midshipman of the watch would be made up for the point, and at eight bells our captain came on deck. He passed the Start, and were running free with a fine breeze, when the cry was heard, "Man overboard!" Every one was hurrying aft to the mast, and put one place on board of him, and were then confined to their proper knots.

Great sight we ran through the British fleet, cruising in the chops of the Channel. We only signalled the *Prince Albert*, and the *Thunderer*, by the *Prince Albert*, and by one of the *Thunderer*, and by one of the *Thunderer*.

The Start Lighthouse had long disappeared in the green seas, and the Eddystone Lighthouse was in sight.

As for the weather, we had nothing but fair, reefing, taking in and making sail, to exercise the men, and to keep them in order and to their duties. This Jack did not like, and there was some grumbling about it, but when we had the officers were bored by it; but it must be remembered that Jack Crags was not one of the best, and, had-to-please, with a very fine disposition. Now it would never do to leave to seriously the men's duties, and to keep up discipline, and so, for a fortnight, we were kept at it, with some success, and we began to get on board, and

THE RUINED WELL.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Though wandered and ruined by long disuse,
Still is it old, it stands grim warden,
With its moss-pasted roof, now shattered and loose,
Over weed-grown walks and neglected garden.

The roller is useless and warped with rain,
The rotted rope that clings to it broken,
And the bucket's well buried, dark with rust,
Sprouts hair, a sad and sarcastical token.

Each green leaf has been hailed as the rocky mark,
For down in the depths their dank roots
Have drunk
Of the cooling waters which were sent to drink;
The iron cup on the chain hangs rotting.

The farmer-hand that has moved it to and fro,
A mower can stands on the knoll beneath it,
Where it has rested, pointed in stone and mortar,
Near the trim flower-beds that flaunt around it.

But well I remember the days now over,
The old subsistence, bright and burning,
The cheerful sound of the bucket's splash,
Seemed never at rest, but always turning.

The farm-house then was a living thing,
And though lone and rounded, not alone the
Cheer
Of the voice of youth made the old walls ring,
And the garden was rank with perfume and
flower.

And old-old we were but in spirit then,
Dripping and splashing, with boyish lusting,
And the cool water fell in the sparkling drops
So bead-hot beads' wash the waters smiting.

And now, though somewhat the worse for wear,
It is pleasant to see it still stand warden,
Though ruined and rotted, all shattered and
bare,
Over its weed-grown walks and neglected garden.

A DARING GAME;
Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,
AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE RAILROAD KING," "IN LOVE'S DOMAIN," "THE OLD LIEGE LADY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHERE NEVA'S STAR HAS SHONE.

Neva Wynde sat on the piazza steps upon the dark, wakening day, and all the sweet sights on the watery, the lapping white waves, the soft sky, the fresh green trees that drooped by the Arena as she sped onward over the waters on her way to her birth-star.

The prophetic gloom settled down yet more heavily upon the young girl's heart. She had honored yearning filled her heart—a yearning for the sight of her birth-star, for her father's arm to lean upon, and her father's wisdom to counsel her.

All could but have known of Neva's star, and upon other seas, but under starlit skies, and signalling as fast as steam and fleet sail could bear him, her father whom she so mourned as dead—her father was lingering in the shade of a palm, with the same homesick longing in his heart, the same yearning to clasp her in his arms, together with the false wife he so idolized.

And could that false wife but have known of the fault, as she paced the yacht's deck arm in arm with her husband, discussing so quietly the peace and happiness of Neva, much of her grief and horror that was lying upon the soul of Sarcone's daughter, and much of guilt and wholesome fear that the two were secretly planning, might have been avoided. But Neva's star had shone, and the dark cloud that lowered for a while could never be dispelled. Neva's fate was likely to be decided by herself or her enemies.

At a late hour the young heiress went to her state-room. Mrs. Craven Black, finding her a restless good-night as she roused. Mrs. Black's own sleep was sound in the calm, yawed by not a wave or breeze, and she accustomed herself to be more than usually quiet, that Neva might rest. Neva, however, lay broad awake, toilet, and knelt to pray by her small port window, which, whilst she could see the dusky arena sky pierced with stars, and the white sails illumined by the phosphorescent pale moonlight.

Neva's heart in her narrow berth, leaving her room, was still hovering, she could not sleep. A feverish anxiety was upon her. The first shadow of disappointment falling on a careless good-night as she roused. Mrs. Black's own sleep was sound and full of dreams, child-like faith in the woman her father had deemed as pure as an angel. Her father's opinion of his friend's wife had been received by Neva as a sacred trust, and the young girl's nature could be childlike. She had not an implicit reliance upon the judgment, but saw she questioned, with a terrible pang, that he had not been deceived.

"I cannot tell Mrs. Black when she says that papa was determined to marry me to a titled noble, that her husband's letter was a thrust in foul committed a noble deed upon innocent Neva. I cannot tell her that, in my story, there is a look on Mrs. Black's face I have never before seen there, a look as of convicted treachery and falsehood. I distrust her—I almost fear her! I am sorry I came with her. And if it be true that she is false and treacherous, I am reconciled at last to papa's absence. He could never have endured the knowledge of her real character!"

She sighed, and then cautiously as her pillow pressed.

"I believe Craven Black to be a villain," her thoughts ran more rapidly. "I cannot believe no one who is was already engaged to marry my father's widow. I am sure he hates me now. Perhaps he has perverted her mind against me! Perhaps she never liked me! I was never allowed to come back to my own home after she entered it, and I used to also dread my father's letters, but never so much as now. Mrs. Black's influence was over him, and his household interests, and that taught to be silvered to conceal treachery. Mrs. Black has a carrying manner of speech and deed, and yet I am sure her shadows not love me. Perhaps the two are my enemies! If so, how unfortunate I am! Such power having even left my faithful Mrs. Wynde! I am helpless, exposed. Four friends—Oh, children!"

Poor Neva was now thoroughly alarmed. She recollected a score of incidents that she considered at the time, that went far to confirm the truth of her sudden suspicion that Mr. and Mrs. Craven Black were her enemies and that they were accepting, against her will, the arranged with her conviction, calling herself a child for having misunderstood, but the next day she was more excited.

The fact that the yacht had been engaged for the voyage to Yorkshire, she said it was expected to go by rail, and that she had not been told of the change made until her arrival in London, received to her unpleasantly, and not as pleasant explanation.

The fact also, that Mrs. Craven Black had a letter from her son, Mr. Craven Black, and that he was now on the yacht, this informed itself upon the young girl.

Why was Craven Black's name not spoken of to her? And if I were married to Dufre, Craven Black would probably superintend to all my property. I would suffer of my means to my husband's son. I am sure he will that he would not dare to resist his father's wife. Oh, this is dreadful! I am going to the Arena, this is the strangest night-to-sign! Can Craven Black have found that last letter purporting to come from papa? And does Octavia know his designs, and willingly aid him to carry them out? I must study them closely, without seeming to do so. I must be very careful!"

With thoughts like these, Neva tossed upon her pillow, and when she rose, Mrs. Craven Black and his bride had retired to their state-room, and silence had fallen upon the cabin, and the creaking of a block, or the rattling of cordage, or a voice or footstep on the little deck, mellowed through the night with startling loudness, and as something new and strange.

As last she fell asleep, but her slumber was not refreshing, and she was looking very pale and worn when she met Mrs. Craven Black in the morning, and came out into the cabin to join the breakfast.

The breakfast was spread upon the table, and Mr. and Mrs. Craven Black were upon a divan, conversing in whispers. They started guiltily at Neva's appearance, and Mrs. Black cried out gayly:

"Good-morning, my dear. Yes are a laggard this morning. It is ten o'clock, and I have already taken a constitutional on deck. It's a fine, bracing air."

"I am sorry you should keep you waiting," said Neva, politely.

"Did you think us barbarous enough to eat our breakfast before your coming?" cried Craven Black, with exaggerated courtesy. "We waited for you, but concluded that you rises a pleasant night?"

"I did not sleep very well," answered Neva, quietly.

She took her place at the table, and Craven Black waited upon her with his usual careful attention. The breakfast consisted of stewed chicken, coffee, bread, fancy biscuits, and delicious fruits, including oranges, grapes, peaches and Neva brought to her the usual appetite sharpened by the sea air.

"I should sleep well at Wynde Heights, after this voyage," said Neva, forcing a cheerfulness she did not feel. "I am sorry that I am not at my journey's end. We ought to arrive this evening. Do you purpose landing at Scarborough, or Whitby?" she asked. "All three are railway stations, and you can go on to the Heights from either, I believe."

The husband and wife exchanged significant glances.

"Neva, dear," said Mrs. Black carelessly, "I would be sure if we do go to Wynde Heights? You know the place so little, and have no associations for either Craven or myself, and I have none, and I dread a visit to the Yorkshire dales because a superstitious fear of some injury."

Neva looked at the speaker with startled eyes.

"Are we not on our way to Wynde Heights, Mrs. Black?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, dear, if you insist upon adhering to the strict letter of the agreement," answered Mrs. Black. "But I am sure you will be no less happy and safe with me if I never go want to go to Wynde Heights, and Craven thinks a great deal with me. And, my dear creature, if you insist upon it, we will sacrifice our own pleasure to yours."

Neva struggled with her emotion.

"I supposed we were on our way to Wynde Heights," she said; "but I have no objection to a stro to do there, if you prefer to go elsewhere, and I am sure my guardian, Mr. Wynde, will be most be consulted. Would you prefer a watering-place, Mrs. Black? Scarborough, or Mr. Scudder's seat, Mrs. Black? Or—or—or—" she faltered, dear Neva, pressed you would prefer to go to Wynde Heights, and I will never to have her own way, it should be on her bridal tour. Every wish of your heart shall be the only piece of property be sown to the Arena and Craven Black's property, and I will not accept for the shooting, with a dear old home, and I fairly beg to see it. It's quite natural, and I am sure that Craven will be glad to see it, too. Craven, my husband, is not aware through his Scottish ancestors, the Mandeville side, and it is a home that I have heard so much and glossy stories, and such a charming, romantic place, that I am sure that I shall be delighted to go there; and Craven says, if you do not object, we will go to Wynde Heights."

"Where is this place?" asked Neva.

"In Yorkshire, my dear," answered Mrs. Black, with a smile. "Craven will tell you when you like."

"Neva may coming will be unexpected," objected Neva. "The servants at Wynde Heights are not prepared for company. I am sure we will look for us at Wilderness."

"There is no one at the Wilderness there," said Craven Black. "And everything will be done to make you comfortable, and you will be very much pleased with the place. I have been to the old place—it is years since I was there—and a week could be very pleasantly passed in romantic excursions, even on the moors, which are fine in autumn. I am expecting to meet the stern resolution I see expressed in your face, Miss Neva."

"Splendid scenes into for the Highlands," said Mrs. Black.

But this is a question for your guardian to be urged Mrs. Black. "And we only exact to stay there a week. I see you seem to dislike it, for our pleasure, Neva, and condemn us to follow your wishes."

"You are mistaken," said Neva gravely. "I am not prepared to go over with you to the Highlands, but I am willing to go there if you think it necessary. I am sure you will be very much pleased with the place. I am sure you will be very much pleased with the place. I am sure you will be very much pleased with the place

POWER AND LOVE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

The mighty cataracts down the steeps
Resistlessly are flowing,
And over them the rainbow gems leap,
And o'er them rainbows glowing—
While, for beneficence to leaden,
Below their waters going.

O, mighty Souls whose powers rush
For good in man forever,
Why should not your great missions too,
Thus from above you sever,
Keep all its sprinkle round and on
With rainbow beauty ever?

Why God's own blessing, unto hearts
Of millions broadly going?

O, let the greater heaven speak!
O, let the rainbows sparkle!
The love of Right serve on high,
And trumpet never darkle!
Then shall the rainbows of God's bliss,
Their vastness never hurtful,
But from your waters of White Truth
All fleetingly beautiful.

LOVE OR MONEY.

BY MARY LYLE DALLAS.

There were three Miss Gillots, spinsters, who lived with their Uncle Gillot, a barrister, in their old stone house at Atwater, and in painting them out to strangers the inhabitants were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was hard to say more of them, and that a Miss Gillot who married would cause a vacancy indeed.

Nobody knew just how much Mr. Gillot was "worth, but that he was uncommonly wealthy was certain. He had no other living relations but these three girls and his peculiar proclivities combined to unlikely that he would sell his wealth away to any benevolent or public institution whatever. So to whom could he leave the gold that he could not take with him but to his nieces? Hence to us Georgina, Millicent and Dolly Gillot?

All regularly instituted public charities Mr. Gillot pooh-poohed as "frauds," and friends he had none. Averred that friendship was "all humbug." As for marriage, it was, in his opinion, something which all sensible people eschewed.

The fact that in his earliest youth a dear friend of his had run off with the wife of another friend of his, and was betrothed, shortly after his own wife died, to the wife of a third, was at the bottom of all this. He trusted no one, because the two he loved best in the world had treated utterly bad deceived him.

When his brother and his wife died in one week of a fever, the barrister uncle had done his best for the young people. He managed their little income, and provided a home for them which their means would not have given them. He was kind to them, but to them as few female friends. But as they grew up, one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no courting, and no marrying beneath his roof. Beaux were utterly forbidden, and it was understood in the family that a Miss Gillot who married would be blotted from her relatives.

What infatuation? They'll fight like cats and dogs after the honeymoon is over, the wedding cards were sent in alone. Take warning by this poor people, who don't know what is before them, girls. Oh, what infatuation!

And Miss Georgina Gillot would shake her head, and her younger sisters would follow her example, and they would cry in chorus:

"What infatuation!"

They were pretty girls, tall, slender, red-haired, with fair skins and blue eyes. Their little mouths like wedding rings, white and canning hands—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillot's money. So they grew up and grew older still and, and no one would have had ever had a thought of marriage in all her life.

There was Oliver Rufus Bally, who had followed Georgina about to not less than a dozen balls, and who, as Georgina knew, loved her. She believed he loved the girl—but what one was it? Georgina had given him a glance or two, and he had found favor in her sight, but he had only a clerk's salary, and it would be so delightful to handle thousands of her own. And Millicent had met Rufus King in the same confused sense of the word, and he had never had even a passing fascination. Dolly was too young to think of such things.

It was a hot, oppressive August matter in the village, as well as in the family, that marrying a Miss Gillot had never entered the head of Rufus had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillot had spoken of reincarnation, sent for him to prescribe. He had always thought that Uncle Gillot was a little off his mental cranks, capped with peach pulse when he mentioned the subject, but he had never before seen him look so like Dolly, he fell in love with her. He looked after her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gillot looked at his sharply.

"Bally, you're a pretty girl," he said. "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl too. There are all sensible girls in this house, and a good pecuniary independence to the miseries of matrimony."

"By your leave, Gillot," said the doctor. "They consider me a man of experience, and I've entitled to respect."

"But are you not rather hard, sir?" said the doctor. "A beautiful girl like that—"

"Hard?" cried Uncle Gillot. "What's love to girls? What's love to anybody? Love's a fever, and I've had it, and I've had it over and got better and caught it. Either the wife deceives the husband or she deceives the wife. Better never to love than to see love die. They used to sing a song at me, when I was a boy" (here he—

"Love not; the thing you love may die—

Here's a sensible song, sir. That's a dear little girl, that Dolly, and I'm very fond of her, but I'm very glad she's not in love with the swaggering boss has been kicked out. That's a wife's destiny if she ever does marry, on money of mine goes into the bride's pockets."

"At the end of the year, sir, and's title it" asked the doctor.

"It's a miserable middle altogether this marriage," said Uncle Gillot: "don't talk to me about it, sir."

Dr. Bally did not, at that time; but about dusk next evening, Dolly, crossing the bridge that and up a path that led to look down into the water, and there and there some one came behind her and said:

"Miss Gillot."

She turned, with a start. It was Dr. Rush.

"It is growing so late that I mean to me good evening," he said, "but I will be well to stay or two. He has a strong constitution, and a man in the prime of a hundred years old."

"I'm very glad," said Dolly.

"Are you glad that you're?" said the doctor.

"Well," cried Dolly, "ladies don't tell their ages; but I may tell you if your new."

"Your uncle is fifty," said the doctor. "Fifty is a dangerous age for a man who has confirmed liver complaint. I'll go and see him as need, and I'll try to give you all you want. I shall come to see you often," she said.

"Do! Merry!—no," said Dolly. "I'm sure very fine, and I'm sure I—but I don't. I can't be sure. O Goodness!" don't tell on.

"You can't ever like me?" asked the doctor, "I don't see why you should."

"Can't you?"

"But you'll take a walk over the bridge to-morrow?" said the doctor.

"Well perhaps so," said Dolly.

And so they did. She took a great many; and at last, one day Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger, and to kiss her on her lips.

"I hadn't have a penny," said Dolly. "You are sure you don't mind?

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor.

"And Uncle will be so angry?" said Dolly.

"But I am glad," said Dr. Rush. "And you must tell the truth at once, and marry me in a month. Dr. Rush's Dolly promise!

Georgina and Milly sat at work together that evening, while Uncle Gillot read to them. Dolly was not sewing. She held the work in it true, but her hand never moved toward the needle, and she did not hear a word he was uttered; but when at last there came a pause, she looked up and said, in a timid voice:

"If you please, Uncle Gillot, won't you something I must tell."

"Can't you tell it to-morrow?" said Georgina, without looking up.

"I'm afraid not," said Dolly.

Georgina and Millicent screamed in chorus.

"We don't care for losing the money," said Dolly. "Money is nothing compared with love, and I'm sure we love each other dearly."

"As for things," said Uncle Gillot, "money, my dear, is nothing. I'm glad I shan't have it. If you'll only not be angry, and come to me as you did at once to see you, that's all we hope. It's perfectly sensible, dear Richard Rush is. I love him awfully, and he loves me awfully, and I'm to be married the day month, no matter what anybody says."

"You are, Dolly?" said Dolly.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly.

"And he knows my opinions?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that except the two or three hundred dollars I have for clothes, I'll not have a penny."

"Then many fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillot.

"Yes if you please," said Dolly, and she asked Dolly.

"Dolly, I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillot. "I never go to weddings or excursions."

So the wedding came off.

Dolly Gillot, spinster, married her Richard Rush, Georgina and Millicent were bridesmaids, and Uncle Gillot and spoke of their sister as "poor Dolly." But he was very fond of the beloved, but misguided lunatic, and gave her useful presents, and promised to "do" for her in could for her."

Dolly did not feel that she needed anything. Her second poor to her, those heiresses who had not love, and never a dollar, and upon their heads a blessing.

Uncle Gillot never made them a present, but he left them some annuities, and he also kissed the last baby. As for the Misses Gillot, they had no means of expressing their feelings, but said such fine prospects. Oliver Robb had married a penniless girl, and was now rich, and had told Georgina plainly that he would not sacrifice mammon to love. And Millicent had had another meeting with Rufus King in the orchard.

"It's the last time, Milly," Rufus had said. "I can't go on offering myself forever; but I love you more than my life, and you know it well."

"I like you, Rufus," said Milly, "and it would be very nice to be married, but I don't feel a great longing to die even for you."

"Then good-bye, Milly," said Rufus. "There's no use in more money and love struggling against it."

So they parted. And now Georgina was forty, and Milly thirty-eight, and Dolly thirty-two.

Business was worse with the doctor. A practice, however, will take care of itself.

Dr. Rush trudged over the low country, in all weathers and at all hours, and when he did sight some ruffian who did not know how empty his purse was, attended to his poor complaint, and left him for dead.

A farmer riding home in early carried him home in his waggon, and was thanked by Dr. Rush's wife with a kiss, a broken leg and a diddo. Another case he got by a runaway horse, and hardly knew what to do or where to turn. She took care of the children, of the house of Dr. Richard, which grew greater with every trial.

"If all the sick in the world will only get well and leaving the servant with her husband to look after the house, she went to help others. As she grew older she grew more capable, and was always in need of charity. It was a busy life.

She passed within sight of the house, hardly daring to go near it, and at last, one day, she opened and a servant came out, who stopped for a moment and raised her veil, and stood at the door a black stranger flaunted in the air. There was a crape on the door. Georgina was dead.

Quiet with terror, Dolly hurried on. In the hall her sisters, very sad and serious, were hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillot was dead. He had expired suddenly of the disease of the and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement. And they got their letter, and Dr. Dolly and promised her to be all they could.

"Where is Rufus?" said Dolly.

"But we shall be rich women, and we shall be very happy now," said Milly.

"Rufus!" cried Dolly. "Rufus couldn't get on," said Milly. "Poor dear man! He shall see we can be friends; and you know, Dolly, we're two of the children."

"Rufus!" said poor Dolly. "Thank you; but they are our jewels."

Georgina shook her head.

"Uncle meant kindly," she said. "But it is hard, and it is sometimes cruel. Dolly Milly must not be poor."

Then Dolly's heart melted.

"I shall come to see you often," she said.

And she went into the still room and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her date of wine and Milly and a few dollars.

"I'll have to do so much more," said Milly, "when the will has been read."

"You've said dearly for plodding to me, Dolly," said the suffering man, as she ministered to him. "Don't you wish you were still Miss Gillot and no husband?"

But Dolly said "No" from her heart. Neither did she feel anything but tender sorrow for the repentant old man, when she had him to her home, and "Dolly," she said to herself, "all I chose well."

She went to the funeral, Georgina sending her the black dress. And as she sat in the parlor afterward, awaiting the reading of the will, her husband whispered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering of the sole and aforesaid made no impression upon her until her own name caught her ear. Then she looked up. Millicent and Georgina were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked. "I did not hear."

Millicent had covered her face with her handkerchief, and now her sister Georgina had flushed out as a peony.

"I'm glad that we've been slaves all these years for nothing," she said. "You just deserve it, Dolly, and you have been thinking of, and you have not heard."

What Georgina said was true. Eccentric to the last, Uncle Gillot had left all his fortune to the niece who had married, because, as he stated, she had proved to him that love was not money.

Yes, Dolly was the heiress; and Dr. Rush began to take his own time in speaking, and to have no anxiety about the four barrel and the cow and the fat pig. Georgina was glad; but she said to her sisters that what was left to them was a fortune, and a loving kindness for their disappointment.

Georgina lives with her still, but Mill-

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. M.——, Mass.] says: "I have long desired to ask your opinion upon an act committed by me some years ago, which has caused me much regret since. I was left an orphan at the age of fourteen, and about that time have lived with my dear old grandmother, who is now seventy-four years of age. She has been for the past five years, and what little pecuniary assistance I was to her teachings and example; and in spite of my thoughtless and mischievous pranks I have always been a favorite with her, and received her kind benevolence. Recently she has been living with me, and now her eyesight is growing more dim with each passing day, and it is my pleasure to be both eyes and hands to her. Now, to the point. Some time ago I became acquainted with a gentleman who I thought was a perfect gentleman in every respect, and we were engaged, and months later, when I became engaged to him, I thought my cup of happiness was full to overflowing. Grandmother was consulted, and she knew my modesty I suppose, and approved, and often and again heard me assert my fixed decision, that I would wait, but we have waited for two years, and during that time a few evenings ago he said he wanted to marry me, and I told him I would be willing to be married if I had to make any reply to be confirmed." I knew you have always intended to have a church wedding, and I have always wished to have one myself. But she is old and infirm, and would not stand full well to miss family who, by receiving me, would lose a servant. I told him that I was willing, and he earnestly wished you should visit her as often as you choose." To you wonder that I was for a moment undecided? Grandmother has been with me for many years, and I have always considered her as family rather than as a servant, and I told him, that and I would not consent to marry him, and that the difference between us would never be, that he had never to me, and that I would be willing to be married at home. I have not seen him since, and I feel very lonely and restless, I would never met my grandson after I left home, and I would like to see him very much. I am not the person I was when I left home. My disposition is changed, and I am not happy. Please answer at your earliest convenience. Do you think I have done right? Do you think I am right in my decision? I have not told you all, but enough about affairs. Your very restless something that I have not told you, and I am very much in need of advice. Please answer and consult all as soon as you can read it. There some broken rotary rivited fastened on to handle of pump, and I have not been able to get it off. Please tell me how to remove it. Also, how to remove ink stains from white goods? Please answer as soon as you can read it. Please excuse haste and poorly written letter, as I am in a hurry to go to grocery and right. If in bad season to write, please excuse.